

Maine Farmer.

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Mr. T. Brooks Reed is calling on subscribers in Kennebec county.
Mr. F. S. Berry is calling on subscribers in Somerset county.
Mr. E. M. Gifford is calling on subscribers in Arden county.
Mr. E. M. Marks is calling on subscribers in Piscataquis and Penobscot counties.
Mr. W. J. Haswell is calling on subscribers in Waldo county.
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Mr. Elmer Hewitt is calling on subscribers in Lincoln county.

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THE OLD HYMNS.

There's lots of music in 'em—the hymns of long ago.
An' when some gray haired brother sings the one I used to know
I sorter want to take a hand—I think o' days gone by.
"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand and cast a wishful eye."
There's lots of music in 'em—those dear, sweet hymns of old—
With visions bright of lands of light, and shining streets of gold.
I hear 'em ringing—singing, where memory's dreaming, stands,
"From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands."
They seem to sing forever, of holier, sweeter days,
When the lilies of the love of God bloomed white in all the ways;
And I want to hear their music from the old-time meadow's rise
Till "I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies."
We never needed singin' books in them old days—we knew
The words—the tunes of every one the dear old hymn book through.
We didn't have no trumpets then—no organs built for show;
We only sang to praise the Lord "from whom all blessings flow."
An' so I love the old hymns, and when my time shall come—
Before the light has left me, and my singing lips are dumb;
If I can only hear 'em then, I'll pass without a sigh
"To Canaan's fair and happy land, where my possessions lie!"
—Frank L. Stanton.

The output of iron in the United States already exceeds that of the whole year 1898 by 60,000 tons. It will be all sold and all used, too.

Brookton fair realized this year \$48,695.45 with a net profit of \$11,624.13, but Brookton cannot be duplicated in Maine. How about the Maine State Fair receipts and expenses this year?

In our issue for Nov. 23, we shall give full report of the annual meeting and exhibition of the State Pomological Society together with the addresses and awards. Sample copies will be sent on application.

The Farmer is now prepared to send catalogues of choice books for the library or for Christmas presents, at prices which must surely please the purchaser. Send to this office for whatever you may want in the book line.

One of the surprises of the day is that given by an officer elect of Kings Co., N. Y., who declares the emoluments of the office are much more than the office is worth, and promises to ask the legislature to cut down his fees. If this becomes contagious it may touch the State of Maine.

"Women and children first!" yelled the truckmen in the gangway of the Chicago as it sank in the North river; while away below them was the engineer sticking to his post with his hand on the lever, until the water was up to his arms and the fire went out. "Not a day passes over the earth," said Charles Reade, "but men and women of note do great deeds, speak great words and suffer noble sorrows."

"From 8 to 10 per cent. of the physicians of the country are slaves to morphine," declared Dr. Crothers of Hartford before the New York State Medical Association the other day—and not a single medic arose to challenge the correctness of the statement, or to dispute

the speaker's assertion that the habit is increasing. "Physician, heal thyself," is a motto that evidently has not yet ceased to have a meaning.

In another column we make the great premium offer ever presented the readers of Maine. This we do at large expense hoping to add thousands to our list before Jan'y 1st. The Maine Farmer weekly and the Woman's Home Companion, the equal of the Ladies' Home Journal and with these the History of Admiral Dewey, a book of 300 pages for only \$1.50. Read the great offer. Send in your names.

The incongruities of justice were never shown more clearly than in the hearing for the pardon of Ashford Sampson, convicted as a common thief. Sampson's verdict was six years for stealing a broncho from Rose Carson White. Rose Carson White got 4 years for killing her husband, Cora Witham two years for stabbing a man, and Frank Quirion six years and six months for killing two men. All this in Kennebec county.

In the Maine Farmer for Nov. 23, will be found Prof. Robertson's full description of his celebrated fattening coops for poultry, now used in Canada, and results obtained with different lots, together with cuts illustrating these coops and method of packing for shipping, these illustrations having been specially prepared for our columns. It will form one of the best chapters published for the practical poultry keeper and sample copies can be procured by sending a postal card to this office.

Admiral Schley well says: "In all the glorification which has come from your hearts as a result of the outcome of the late struggle we are very apt to forget that all the heroes who contributed to it were not in the battle line alone. We are likely to forget that there were other heroes who surrendered husbands, sons, brothers and sweethearts and waited anxiously until they came home covered with laurels and surrounded by the love of those for the homes of whom they were fighting."

Book learning is practically unknown in many a Russian community. According to the Humanitarian, in 10,000 villages of the vast empire there is not a school, and it is estimated that not 20 per cent. of the population of the empire has acquired even the rudiments of a common school education. It has been estimated that if the czar would disband 100,000 men of his immense army he would thereby save money enough to provide a school for each of those villages. One would think that even Nicholas would see that such an educational move would be well worth while.

The dark-eyed senoritas in our new belongings have begun to get in their deadly work. A woman in Bridgeport, Conn., whose husband returned not long ago from Cuba, became suspicious when he received telegrams signed "Attila," and investigated the case. She found "Attila" to be a pretty Cuban girl whom her husband had married, while in Cuba ostensibly seeking a fortune. We had enough of that sort of thing before. Let us hope that there are not as many "superfuous women" in Cuba as in Massachusetts, which would still further complicate matters.

A great battle has been fought at the Court House at Augusta, the past week, in the murder case, where Bradford Knight killed Mamie Small on the public park in Gardiner, last spring. The act of the murder has not been called in question, but the fight has been over the sanity of the murderer. The defense has sought to establish "chronic delusional insanity." Whatever the verdict may be, and that will probably be reached by Wednesday night, the public should demand that it be protected against the possibility of another murder, by confining for life either in the sane wards at Thomaston or the insane at Augusta. The chance of release, as cured after two or three months, should not be among the possibilities.

"All the world loves a lover" and if Admiral Dewey had planned to still further endear himself to the American people, he could not have done so more effectively than by his marriage. There has been a great deal of talk made about his "sacrifice" in debarring himself from the Presidency by taking a Roman Catholic wife, but no one has yet heard him express any desire for the Presidency. That was all in the fertile imagination of the American newspaper. The whole nation extends congratulations and wishes the Admiral and his bride the peaceful consummation of the fairy tale—"And they lived happily ever after."

The distinctions between rich and poor grow more prominent each year. A writer says: "With riches goes rank, and with poverty goes disgrace in London. There is no other place in the world where it is so hard to make a living as in London. The poor are getting poorer all the time. They are submerged, and they have no hope. They are content to eke out their miserable existence in the midst of poverty of the meanest sort. The great majority of the people of London are concerned only in getting something to eat, shelter for the night and rags for the coming day. And their concern does not go beyond the present day. They take no thought of the future."

Admiral Dewey still shows his good sense and while hobby riders have sought in every way to commit to some folly he has preserved a steady hand. His latest touching a political office is characteristic of the man: "I have never wanted to be President. I would not under any circumstances be a candidate for office. When the subject was first broached after the battle of Manila, I made up my mind I would not think of such a proposition. I have never had my determination upon the point weakened at all. I do not think General Grant added to his fame by becoming President. He had no previous training in politics. Neither have I had. Neither have I any political ambitions. I would not, therefore, run for the presidency upon any consideration."

It would seem advisable for this country to choose for its custom house officers, men who are capable of distinguishing between a steel rat-trap and a piece of Venetian lace, but some of them have hardly that amount of discrimination. Men who only know enough to dig sewers or unload coal are placed in a position which requires education, tact and ability. At least, so it would seem from the following incident: A man brought over from Europe recently a water-color drawing for which he paid \$50. The appraiser, after a careful study, placed the value at \$1.38. The traveler also brought along with him a little statue of the god Pan, which had been dug up in Rome and still bore traces of its long burial. The appraiser decided that the certificate of the sculptor should be presented before he could admit the statue.

When army aides in this country were sent with the embalmed beef scandal last year, England was duly shocked, and assured the world that no such thing could possibly happen in the commissariat of the British army. But it isn't best to be too sure. A few days ago, the troop ship Arwara, with the 2d Shropshire Infantry, delayed sailing from Southampton. The cause was said to be defective machinery. But it transpired that had beef caused the delay. The ship had taken aboard 15,000 pounds of English beef, no American beef in it, when, just about sailing time, the condition of the meat was found to be shocking. Col. Staekpole, the embarking officer, immediately ordered the whole supply sent ashore. Fresh beef was quickly drawn from various quarters, and the ship got away, after two days' delay. The condemned meat, examined on the docks, was found totally unfit for food, and was promptly carried out to sea and thrown overboard.

A well-known pulp authority has the following to say regarding the late brutal prize fight: "These half-human beasts have been driven from Arkansas, from Louisiana, from Texas, in fact, from all the South, only to be permitted to find refuge in New York. As if New York were not already burdened with sins! As if it were not enough to have Tammany, Croker, Platt, et al., hanging about her neck like the dead body of a giant. But to make her reputation still more unsavory, she must take on this horrible Coney Island mad menagerie of wild beasts and protect them with her precious squads of disreputable police. In my judgment every man concerned in it ought not only to be held up to the execration and detestation of all decent people, but they ought also to serve each at least one year in the penitentiary, or long enough to tame their bestial instincts, and every newspaper which spread out the filthy details for the delectation of the morbid and criminal classes ought to be boycotted for a twelve-month."

Touching our national policy, ex-President Cleveland gives utterance to the following sentiments which must commend themselves to every thoughtful man. He says: "No nation, however peacefully inclined, and whatever the consequences may be, can determine that it will in no circumstances engage in war. Bad as it is and deplorable as its incidents are, no government can refuse war at the risk of imperilling its existence or sacrificing the rights and interests it holds in trust for its people and for humanity and civilization. In view of such an unescapable liability to be brought face to face with the question of war, and in view of war's real nature and demoralizing effect upon our national life and character, we cannot fail to be most seriously impressed by the reflection that we have expressly authorized those to whom we have intrusted our public affairs to determine for us the momentous issue of peace or war, and that if the determination be for war our ready and unquestioning acquiescence becomes patriotism and the support of our country's contention becomes good citizenship."

In his thanksgiving proclamation, Governor Rollins of New Hampshire gives expression to the following noble sentiments: "Let a special effort be made to call home our dear ones to the observance of this beautiful custom, and let family reunions be held around all our hearthstones. Let the morning of this glad day be devoted to services of praise and thanksgiving for the bounteousness of the harvests and our general prosperity, and the afternoon to deeds of brotherly kindness and loving charity, visiting the sick and needy, sending flowers and delicacies to the hospitals, and bringing the joyousness of the day to the inmates of our charitable and reformatory institutions. 'Give back the upward looking and the light,' to some sorrowing soul, 'rebuild in it the music and the dream,' even if it be but for a day. Let the evening be devoted to the children, who always seem so much nearer to God than we older ones. Make

the state is going to serve the devil, they might as well take the devil's wages, for I have known men, that after they get rich selling rum, turned about and made good use of the money.

New Jersey covered into her treasury, last year, \$747,000 from fees received from these corporations, while this state is rivaling New Jersey in this disgraceful business, and yet the profit goes into the pockets of a few lawyers and politicians. There is a pretty low state of political morality when such business is carried for the love of it, and if it is ever stopped, it must be done by the great body of the farmers on the farms, who have permitted such unholy traffic to go on through ignorance of what has been going on, rather than from sympathy with such business.

W. H. McLaughlin. A friendly discussion of principles always clears the atmosphere and leads to more decisive action, and the Farmer is very glad to take up the points with Mr. McLaughlin. The fear of creating a new office, that of State Auditor, before abolishing the Governor's Council, seems to us needless. The same could be raised against any reform. If a State Auditor can save the state from twenty-five to fifty thousand, as Gov. Powers has declared, and no one questions, then the only thing to do is to proceed without quibbling to create the office. If the friends of reform halt until something else is done, the likelihood is that no reform will be secured. This, it seems to us, is the first step to take towards good business, to create the office of State Auditor and secure the appointment of a wise, clear-headed, skillful official. This accomplished, the next step will be to do away with the Governor's Council, for which there can be no excuse then as there is but pretence of an excuse now. The accounts of the state are not and have not been audited, and for this reason the election of an auditor is an imperative step, one to be taken without question, and when so taken, it surely leads to the next, about which Mr. McLaughlin has fears.

Mr. McLaughlin's sweeping condemnation of "that discredited body, the last legislature," reflects upon every member and sounds a little harsh, for there were many representatives and senators whose desire was to do good service for the state. We do not believe in the wisdom or justice of such indiscriminate charges, as though the men selected and elected by the different parties were thieves and cut-throats. They legislated as seemed necessary or as urged by outside interest. If there was lack of action on the part of reformers seeking retrenchment and they failed to bring forward measures, we do not feel justified in "discrediting every member."

Mr. McLaughlin is right, the Farmer is not ready to fall into line and favor the abolishment of all state taxes, without first determining the source or sources of supply necessary, or the place where appropriations can be reduced, while it yields to no individual in desire to secure the saving of the last dollar possible. This proposal to do away with the state tax, over \$900,000, without indicating in any way where the revenue is to come from to take its place, or in what direction the appropriations can be reduced so as to remove the necessity for this sum, or any portion being provided for, is simply a leap in the dark. Before we can join in advocating a repeal of the law creating a state tax yielding \$907,950, let the fact be established by what means this amount can be saved to the state through reduced appropriations, fees and salaries. The revenue necessary must be provided in some way, and if other sources fail a state tax is a necessity. Will Mr. McLaughlin tell the readers of the Farmer his plan for saving what he would here leave out of the yearly account, the state tax? The difference in position may then be seen to be trifling. For one, we believe it better to specify the spots and places where it is possible to save, and to seek first of all to lop off the unnecessary expenditures and appropriations, and save by specific action along specific lines.

Can Mr. McLaughlin indicate where and how the state can save the amount of the state tax upon estates, and the necessary revenue can be obtained in other and more equitable directions? If so, the Farmer is quite ready to join, until then it stands for positive work along positive lines. We do not propose to discuss the position taken by the gentleman regarding the "devil's wages," or the outrageous corporation practices of New Jersey. He has a perfect right to his views, as expressed, but the Farmer neither sanctions the present loose practices of the state or the more open and debasing practices of other states governing corporations and license fees. Cut off all fees and the evil in this state will be reduced to the minimum. The Farmer does not believe in any partnership with the devil, even for the purposes of state revenue, and therefore can hardly join Mr. McLaughlin in his last proposition.

WHAT AND HOW OTHERS ARE DOING
[Editorial Correspondence.]
Staying at home one comes naturally to feel either that all the blessings in Nature's lap have been dropped in our immediate vicinity or that only the hard ships are ours and that comfort and prosperity go the other way. He who breaks from the rut and mingles with earnest workers elsewhere, seeking to satisfy himself in regard to the adjustment of things, will surely come to feel that there are compensations every where. The past week has been spent among the breeders and farmers of Pennsylvania and Delaware, and while one hears the same general complaints as in Maine, there has been good evidence of large and successful business operations. Prices for farm products are as low or lower than in Maine. Prices paid for labor very little, and the great markets so near are threatened, as they are here, by the grower of the West who ships by the railroad. There they shrink from the thought of the long, cold winter, but somehow, it seemed pleasant to be able to call attention to the barns along the railroad, all carrying in im-

mensate letters, "Schenck's Mandrake Pills cure Malaria," and say "there's no malaria in Maine." Here is one of our compensations. One fact became apparent at once that the farmers are doing business on a larger scale than in New England and thereby realizing a greater revenue, for the conversation was about sixty to one hundred milch cows, two hundred acres of corn or wheat, thirty acres of asparagus, tons upon tons of tomatoes, and so on to the end of the chapter. At Philadelphia we were favored by meeting the Guernsey Breeders' Association at the veterinary department of the University of Pennsylvania, and were entertained by the skillful authority, Dr. Pearson. His experiments with tuberculosis we reserve for a later issue, the method and thoroughness of his work being clearly manifest at every step. The morning hour of the session was taken by a clear and complete setting forth by Dr. Pearson of the theories as to the cause of milk fever and the latest treatment indicated. This, too, we shall take up in a future issue. In the afternoon the writer had the pleasure of presenting the question of structure of animals before the progressive members of the Guernsey Association gathered from New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware. A number of cows were brought in to serve as object lessons in illustrating structure.

Time was taken for a brief visit to Independence Hall and the grave of Benjamin Franklin; also a few other points of interest. Passing down into Delaware one gets extended views over great fields of corn standing in the fields, the plow ears along the field looking strangely out of place to a New Englander, or the broad acres of winter wheat just covering the land with its full growth. Crimson clover is a favorite crop and one hears what seem to be remarkable stories concerning its feeding value and persistent growth. Farming here is largely under the tenant system, the owner simply directing the policy of the farm and taking one-half of the surplus cash crop as his proportion. Values range from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars for a farm of two hundred to three hundred acres, and owners realize a yearly net profit above taxes and insurance of four to eight per cent. This of course comes from conducting a large business, and working a big crew.

It is the outcome of the same business principles as hold in the mill or shop, and those farmers growing corn or wheat by the hundred acres or carrying a dairy of a hundred cows, are ready to defend the claim for good profits. Prof. A. T. Neale, director of the experiment station at Newark, Del., is one of those farmers who always keeps busy, and, transplanted to soil from another soil, has carried the old-time conception of an active life and keeps things moving all along the line. Here the audience was one of farmers and the cows they brought in grand specimens of the several breeds as well as high grades of merit, just the type to produce milk at a profit to the owner. Here also was shown a great 3-year-old imported Friesian heifer, weighing almost 1200, a solid, strong body, lacking the compactness of the Herefords, though carrying the white face, and lacking also the light quarter, and working a dairy characteristically of the grand Guernseys or Jerseys shown. This heifer is one of a small herd and the only one known in America, and doubtless valuable for those seeking the general purpose cow, one who rapidly from balmy south winds to snow in Maine, suggested the long, cold months to come, but in this invigorating climate there is opportunity for the farmer to extend operations after the manner of the corn and wheat grower of Delaware, and in this extension find room for that expansion of mental skill and energy which will bring fresh supplies of growth to our great agricultural interests.

STATE POMOLOGICAL EXHIBITION AND MEETING.
To-day and to-morrow the lovers of fruit will gather at Newport, for the annual meeting of the State Pomological Society, and to discuss the great questions of interest to the fruit growers of Maine. Coming just after the harvest season, the display will show Maine fruit in all its excellence, something impossible when the exhibitions were held in connection with the state fair. Maine fruit has suffered in reputation from those early exhibits, because of immature condition. To-day all this is changed, and the perfected specimens will grace the tables. More than this, there is now opportunity to take up, in a two-days' meeting, the vital questions of growth, market demands, packing and insect pests, and deliberate upon each, reaching sound conclusions. Let the society multiply these meetings and exhibitions, using the state appropriation to reach the different sections of Maine yearly. The harvest concert at the M. E. church with the State fairs has proven a wise step, in that each society has arranged for a fruit and flower exhibit in accordance with the season, and left the Pomological Society free to devote its money in later exhibitions. It has also insured to the fruit grower additional opportunities for exhibition and competition, thereby enhancing the value of our fruit interests.

The society is to be congratulated on having arranged so complete a programme and secured as the leading speaker, Hon. G. T. Fessell, one of the best fruit authorities of the country. With half fare over the railroad, the attendance should be large and the sessions full of interest to every student of the fruit problem.

If You Have Your Share of \$18,000 ahead of you, and the momentum of hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of magazine and newspaper advertising behind you, and the unique prestige of The Ladies' Home Journal The Saturday Evening Post with you, you should be a pretty enthusiastic and successful subscription agent. We will allow a liberal commission for every subscription sent in by a duly appointed agent. The sum of \$18,000 is simply a premium on success. This premium money will be paid on April 15, 1900. Full particulars will be sent immediately upon receipt of your application. The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

THE WINTER CAMPAIGN ON.
Large Growth of the Subscription List of the "Maine Farmer."

Having successfully closed the campaign of the fair season of 1899, the MAINE FARMER has entered the winter campaign in earnest.

Everywhere our subscription agents have enrolled large numbers of new subscribers. At the various agricultural shows, state, county and local, it seemed to be necessary merely to show copies of the MAINE FARMER in order to secure subscriptions.

Besides offering to farmers a live, up-to-date agricultural journal, always aggressive in the interest of the farmers, we offer new subscribers and trial club members special inducements in the way of premiums. Those farmers who wish to secure these favors can do so easily. If you will send us a trial club of 4 subscribers, at \$1 each, with the cash, we will send the FARMER to you free until January 1, 1901.

Every new subscriber sending us \$1 in advance will receive the FARMER until January 1, 1901, an offer which has already added hundreds to our list, and will add thousands before the year closes. Begin now and make a canvass for the MAINE FARMER. Send in your trial clubs.

Send for a bundle of specimen copies and take up the work NOW!

City News.

—It is not often that sleigh bells are heard in our city Nov. 12, but this year the snow was abundant.

—The trees in the sidewalk on Green street are being removed and pedestrians will have reason to thank the city authorities for the act.

—At the meeting of the Governor and Council, Monday, a pardon was granted to Ashford Sampson, a young man from this city in State's prison for larceny.

—The illustrated lecture on "Scotland" by Rev. C. A. Hayden at the Universalist church Monday evening, was thoroughly enjoyed by an audience which filled the church.

—Ten months in jail is the verdict given a tramp by Judge Andrews last week. Wonder if it would have been as long if he instead of the taxpayers of the county paid the board at the stone hotel.

—A rare treat is in store for those who attend the lecture by Mr. Edward Stanwood, editor of "Youth's Companion," upon "Four Men Who Missed the Presidency" at the Congregational chapel this evening.

—If the increase of game keeps on one can sit on his own doorstep and shoot what is wanted. Mr. George Harvey and Ellie Worthingly shot two handsome buck deer Monday morning in Windsor, one of them weighing about 300, while Blaine Worthingly shot a fine doe, about two miles up from the city.

—The new, twin screw propeller "Lincoln" is now running on the route between Gardiner and Boston. This steamer was built expressly for winter service, is elegantly furnished and in every way an "up-to-date" ship. Passengers are enjoying these trips very much and the patronage is large.

—The marvelous changes wrought by skilled florists is a constant wonder to the student of Nature, yet they best attest the truth of a great law only imperfectly understood, that the objective must control the subjective. Those who attended the corymbanthem exhibition held by Miss Sanborn at the Congregational chapel Tuesday and Wednesday, must have realized that the lover of flowers can do as she pleases in their development.

—The weighing of mail at the post office the past month shows that 789,263 pounds of second class mail matter have been sent out from this city in the thirty-five days. There were also sent out 25,426 pounds of third and fourth class mail matter. In Waterville, 112,753 pounds of second class mail matter were sent out in this time while 6400 pounds of third and fourth class matter were handled while in Portland, 159,255 pounds were the entire total. Augusta is far ahead in point of business with Uncle Sam.

—Work on the new industrial school, Hallowell, progresses well though delayed for want of material.

—Mr. T. Brooks Reed, Waterville, the very able agent of the Maine Farmer, is recovering from a serious injury which still keeps him on crutches. We are pleased to be able to announce steady improvement and the promise of complete recovery.

—The Burrill mill in Waterville is to be taken down and moved to Patten, where it will be used by Lawrence, Newhall & Co. for the manufacture of shovel handles. There are three buildings in this plant, 80 horse power boiler, and a 60 horse power engine. The scarcity of building timber and high price of lumber at Patten make the moving of this building more economical than the erection of a new one.

Kennebec county has been having its full share of anomalous trials this term and following the two murder cases, we come the civil case of Mrs. Charles Hall vs. the Emerson Stevens Co., Oakland. This case grows out of the explosion of a griststone at the axe and scythe shop last spring resulting in the death of Mr. Hall, an employee. He was standing directly over the stone griststone, which implement when the explosion came and was instantly killed.

NORTH FAYETTE. Mr. T. W. Blaisdell of Wales, was in town last week, the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Blaisdell. Mr. W. W. Farrington has completed his duties in Augusta, and we are happy to say, has returned to his home—Mr. H. H. Teal of Middlefield, Nova Scotia, is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. West. Mr. Teal was formerly employed in the Fayette creamery, and has many friends in this vicinity who are glad to meet him once more.

The harvest concert at the M. E. church on Sunday, Nov. 5th, was largely attended and a great success. Many fine readings were given, interspersed with music by our newly organized choir of fine singers. The church was prettily decorated with gleanings from the harvest, fruit, vegetables, grain, etc. Much credit is due those who by their untiring energy made the affair so successful.

—In the probate court, Monday, the following wills were proved, approved and allowed: Of May P. Whitmore, late of Gardiner, Frank D. Whitmore, late of Gardiner, appointed executor; James M. Conant, late of Augusta, appointed executor; Martha Willard Haynes, late of Waterville, George R. Haynes of Waterville, appointed executor. The foreign will of William M. Vaughn of Cambridge, Mass., was allowed; Benjamin Vaughn of Cambridge, Mass., appointed administrator; Celia Penock, late of Gardiner, James H. Lowell of Gardiner, appointed administrator; Silas W. Patterson, late of Chelsea, Albion C. Patterson of Chelsea, appointed administrator; Faustina D. Hinkley, late of West Gardiner, appointed administratrix. Horace H. Hamlen of Augusta, was appointed guardian of Edward O. Leonard of Augusta.

Latest.
The verdict of murder in the first degree against Knight for the murder of Miss Small, returned by the jury Wednesday afternoon will give universal satisfaction, not that a poor deluded man is to be punished by a life sentence at Thomaston but that the public is to be protected against such criminal assaults

County News.

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—In the probate court, Monday, the following wills were proved, approved and allowed: Of May P. Whitmore, late of Gardiner, Frank D. Whitmore, late of Gardiner, appointed executor; James M. Conant, late of Augusta, appointed executor; Martha Willard Haynes, late of Waterville, George R. Haynes of Waterville, appointed executor. The foreign will of William M. Vaughn of Cambridge, Mass., was allowed; Benjamin Vaughn of Cambridge, Mass., appointed administrator; Celia Penock, late of Gardiner, James H. Lowell of Gardiner, appointed administrator; Silas W. Patterson, late of Chelsea, Albion C. Patterson of Chelsea, appointed administrator; Faustina D. Hinkley, late of West Gardiner, appointed administratrix. Horace H. Hamlen of Augusta, was appointed guardian of Edward O. Leonard of Augusta.

Latest.
The verdict of murder in the first degree against Knight for the murder of Miss Small, returned by the jury Wednesday afternoon will give universal satisfaction, not that a poor deluded man is to be punished by a life sentence at Thomaston but that the public is to be protected against such criminal assaults

"Necessity is the Mother of Invention."

It was the necessity for an honest, reliable blood purifier and tonic that brought into existence Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is a highly concentrated extract prepared by a combination, proportion and process peculiar to itself and giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla unequalled curative power. Its wonderful record of cures has made it America's Greatest Medicine.

Rosy Cheeks — "I have good health and rosy cheeks, thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It builds me up, saves doctor bills." Mary A. Burdett, East Clair St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver bile, the non-digesting and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

FOR SALE.

1 Pair Young Draft Horses, weighing 3100 pounds.
1 Pair Heavy Custom Harnesses in good condition.
1 Whitman's New Universal Steel Hay Press.
75 Tons Pressed Hay.

C. W. FLETCHER,
53 Chapel Street, Augusta, Me.

IF You would know The Whole Truth, Read between the lines.

When BILIOUS, DYSPEPTIC, NERVOUS or CONSTIPATED, there is one certain cure, The True "L.F." Atwood's Bitters.

See that you get the "L.F." kind.

IT CURES COUGHS, FROM COLDS TO CONSUMPTION... and all intermediate stages.

U. S. GOLD COUGH CURE.

PREPARED BY CHAS. K. PARTRIDGE, Chemist and Apothecary, opp. Post-Office, AUGUSTA, MAINE. LARGE BOTTLES 25 CENTS.

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Complete modern equipment and up-to-date in every particular.
Full Commercial and Shorthand and Typing Courses.
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Court reporters and other shorthand writers, after years of experience in the old style systems, are adopting our system (Dunham's Pitman) with great enthusiasm. Mr. Dunham is the fastest shorthand writer in the world.
Board and room are provided at the "Student Home" for \$10.00 per week.
Write for particulars.
F. E. ELLIOTT, Principal.

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Classified Ads.

N. B. Hereafter, Sale, Want and Exchange advertisements will be inserted under this general head at position. No displayed advertisement, otherwise, will be inserted in this department. Pay must invariably be in advance.

City News.

It is not often that sleigh bells are in our city Nov. 12, but this year now was abundant.

The trees in the sidewalk on Green are being removed and pedestrians have reason to thank the city authorities for the act.

At the meeting of the Governor and his Monday, a pardon was granted to Sampson, a young man from the State Prison for larceny.

He illustrated lecture on "Sootland" v. C. A. Hayden at the Universalist Monday evening, was thoroughly enjoyed by an audience which filled the hall.

On Monday in jail is the verdict of a jury on Judge Andrews last Monday. Wonder if it would have been as if he instead of the taxpayers of county paid the board at the stone

There is a rare treat in store for those who attend the lecture by Mr. Edward Standish on the "Youth's Companion," "Four Men Who Missed the Prize" at the Congregational chapel this

The increase of game keeps on an sit on his own doorstep and what is wanted. Mr. George and Ellie Worthy shot two some buck deer Monday morning in while Blaine Worthy shot a fine about two miles up from the city.

The new, twin screw propeller boat is now running on the route between Gardiner and Boston. This boat was built expressly for winter use, is elegantly furnished and in way an "up-to-date" ship. Passengers are enjoying these trips very and the patronage is large.

The marvelous changes wrought by the florists is a constant wonder to students of Nature, yet they beat the truth of a great law only indirectly understood, that the objective control the subjective.

Who the cryantheum exhibition by Miss Sabornie at the Congregational chapel Tuesday and Wednesday, have realized that the lover of roses can do as she pleases in their own home.

The weighing of mail at the post-office last month shows that 789,823 lbs. of second class mail matter have been sent out from this city in the thirty-ay. There were also sent out 33, pounds of third and fourth class matter.

In Waterville, 112,573 lbs. of second class mail matter were sent out in this time while 6400 pounds of third and fourth class matter were sent while in Portland, 130,255 pounds the entire total. Augusta is far in point of business with Uncle

Work on the new industrial school, well, progresses well though due to work of material.

Mr. T. Brooks Reel, Waterville, the able agent of the Maine Farmer, is being from a serious injury which keeps him on crutches. We are glad to be able to announce steady movement and the promise of recovery.

The Burrill mill in Waterville is to be taken down and moved to Patton, where it will be used by Lawrence, New & Co. for the manufacture of shovels. There are three buildings in plant, 80 horse power boiler, and a large power engine. The scarcity of building timber and high price of lumber at Patton make the moving of this plant more economical than the erection of a new one.

Kennebec county has been having its share of sensational trials this term following the two murder cases will be the civil case of Mrs. Charles Hall. Emerson Stevens Co., Oakland, case grows out of the explosion of dynamite at the mine and the shop-pring resulting in the death of Mr. an employee. He was standing ty over the stone grinding some ment when the explosion came and instantly killed.

With Fayette. Mr. T. W. Blaisdell of Waterville was in town last week, the father of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. dell. Mr. W. W. Farrington has been let his duties in Augusta, and is happy to say, has returned to his home. Mr. W. H. Tol of Middlefield, and Scotia, is at present the guest of Mrs. S. C. West. Mr. Tol was only employed in the Fayette cream-land has many friends in this vicinity are glad to meet him once more. The harvest concert at the M. E. church Sunday, Nov. 13th, was largely attended and a great success. Many new were given, interspersed with music our newly organized choir of fine ers. The church was prettily decorated with gleanings from the harvest, vegetables, grain, etc. Much credit is due those who by their untiring energy the affair so successful.

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Latest. The verdict of murder in the first de- gree against Knight for the murder of Small, returned by the jury Wednes- day afternoon will give universal satis- on, not that a poor deluded man is punished by a life sentence at mason but that the public is to be

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75 Tons Pressed Hay.

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U. S. GOLD
COUGH CURE.

PREPARED BY
CHAS. K. PARTRIDGE,
Chemist and Apothecary, 25 Post-Office,
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LARGE BOTTLES 25 CENTS.
BOTTLES 15 CENTS.

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MAINE.

Complete modern equipment and up-to-date in every particular. Full Commercial and Shorthand and Typewriting Course. Bookkeeping taught by the "Actual Business Practice Method." Court reporters and other shorthand writers, after years of experience in the old style Piman system, are adopting our system (D'Nealian) Piman system, with great enthusiasm. Mr. Bennett is the fastest shorthand writer in the world. Board and room are provided at the "Student Home" for \$2.25 per week. Write for particulars.

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Business College
and Shorthand School
PORTLAND, AUGUSTA, BANGOR, AND
HOULTON, ME.

Actual business by mail and railroad. In- struction by mail, by specialty. Departmental telegraphy. Bookkeepers, clerks and stenog- raphers furnished to business men. Send circulars. F. E. ELLIOTT, Principal, Portland, Me.

Wall Papers by Mail:
See for Free Samples of beautiful designs direct from the whole world. 25% discount on all orders. \$4.75 per roll. OREN HOOPER'S SONS, The Household Outfitters, Portland, Me.

HELP WANTED.
\$650 TO \$1,200 A YEAR and all ex- penses paid. Men and women to travel and appoint agents, salary and expenses. Send weekly. Send stamp for particulars. J. B. BOLL COMPANY, Dept. D 40, Philadelphia, Pa.

Classified Ads.

N. B. Hereafter, Sales, Want and Ex- change advertisements will be in- serted under this general head, at ONE CENT a word, and will be given a choice position. No displayed advertisement, other- wise than on initial letter and the usual stock cuts, will be inserted in this department. Ad must invariably be in advance.

REGISTERED SHROPSHIRE Bucks and Buck Lambs. Import- able stock; choice quality; reason- able price. Write. W. E. EATON, South Solon, Maine.

BREXIT TURKEYS raised on the hills of Vermont. Fine stock this year. Return- have so many years given universal satisfac- tion. J. B. BOLL COMPANY, Dept. D 40, Philadelphia, Pa.

50 WHITE PLYMOUTH ROCK COCKERS for sale. A few yearlings also. J. B. BOLL COMPANY, Dept. D 40, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR SALE — F. B. Chicks, prize stock. 1000. Fine stock this year. Return- have so many years given universal satisfac- tion. J. B. BOLL COMPANY, Dept. D 40, Philadelphia, Pa.

DESKS — FINE FOR SALE. Also young year 4 months old, bred by King Leo- nard. Young blooded and fashionably bred. Young blooded by F. B. Chicks. Write. W. E. EATON, South Solon, Maine.

DURE BRED FARM — 3000. Also young year 4 months old, bred by King Leo- nard. Young blooded and fashionably bred. Young blooded by F. B. Chicks. Write. W. E. EATON, South Solon, Maine.

CHOICE SEEDS — 12 horse power. Run- ing. 1000. Fine stock this year. Return- have so many years given universal satisfac- tion. J. B. BOLL COMPANY, Dept. D 40, Philadelphia, Pa.

PRIME Eggs — 12 horse power. Run- ing. 1000. Fine stock this year. Return- have so many years given universal satisfac- tion. J. B. BOLL COMPANY, Dept. D 40, Philadelphia, Pa.

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State News.

The Norway Savings Bank has re- sumed business, the amount of the de- ficit having been made good.

Rev. C. V. Hanson who died at At- lantic, Mass., last week, was one of the well-known Baptist clergymen of Maine, a popular speaker and devoted worker.

Governor Powers signed the necessary papers, Tuesday morning, that made James A. Lowell a free man once more, after having been within the prison walls for the past 23 years.

Presque Isle had its third big fire within a month, Fri. ar, when the plan- ing mill owned and operated by Bert and Charles Higgins on the west side of the stream, was burned. Loss estimated at \$3,000.

The disappearance of young Knight at Bemis promises to remain one of the unsolved mysteries of the Maine woods, like the Freeman case in eastern woods a few years ago. Large parties have been searching diligently for weeks but no trace has yet been found.

FREEDOM. A very severe snow storm last Sunday. School closes at the Acad- emy in two weeks. Nathan Sylvester, an old citizen of this town, was found dead by the side of the road last Monday night. J. L. Watts is driving the stage from Freedom to Thorndike.

A heavy snow storm swept over this state and New Hampshire Saturday night and Sunday the downfall being from six to fourteen inches. Sleighbearing before the middle of November is unusual in Maine but this year all parts of the state have had a foretaste of winter.

The liabilities of Woodbury and Moul- ton, the banking firm of Portland which failed last week, steadily increase, the total having reached over \$900,000 while the assets seem to be dwindling all the while. Unfortunately the loss is heavy to many persons, sweeping away their all.

The new butter factory at Canton is in successful operation. Parties from Massa- chusetts were here on Friday and bought all the butter they had on hand at a price which was very satisfactory to the directors and the manager, Mr. Remick, and were also desirous to make negotia- tions for the entire product of this fac- tory.

A project is on foot for the erection of immense coke ovens in Portland, to manufacture coke for the use of the Maine Central and Boston & Maine rail- roads. The coal will be brought from the Nova Scotia mines, and the crude gas disposed of to the Portland Gas Co. It is prophesied that in the near future coke will entirely replace coal as a fuel for locomotives.

An operation which in Biblical times would have been called a miracle, has been performed at the Portland Eye and Ear Infirmary, upon a young lady who was born blind. For 14 weeks the slow process of removing congenital cataracts by absorption has been carried on, and at last the patient looks upon a new world, as wonderful to her as fairy land.

She has already learned to read quite well, and after being fitted with proper glasses, will have reasonably good sight.

FAIRFIELD. J. Sullivan Gifford re- cently sold two handsome pair of 2- year-old steers, Durham and Hereford cross, showing the best markings of the breed. They have never had a bushel of meal, and considering this fact, Mr. Gifford thinks their 6 ft. and 5 inches an excellent growth. One pair is a little finer than the other, and this pair is called as good shaped and well mated as any in Somerset county. Mr. Gifford has raised a good many fine steers and some fancy sheep in past years.

ATHENS. Everett Dore and son have gone into the woods with their teams for the Guilford Lumber Co., Kingsbury. Dr. Fred Williams of Bingham was in town last week; the doctor contemplates moving to Athens. The next meeting of the women's club will be with Ellen Eaton, subject, "Colonial Days." Hos- tesses: May Emery and May Elliott.

Fred Smith is moving to the village for the winter. Geo. Ayer of Solon has moved into the village and gone into the schools closed this week for a short vacation. Mrs. Nellie Nason of Port- land is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Nelson. Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hight of Corinna are visiting relatives in town.

BRUNSWICK. Six inches of damp snow fell Saturday night, Nov. 11; ther- mometer 31 degrees. The new railroad depot and surroundings will be com- pleted and dedicated Wednesday, 15th inst.—Vote of Brunswick Monday for representatives to Congress: Allen, re- publican, 354; McKinney, democrat, 312; Harpell, allen, 67; McKinney, 102.

The heating apparatus of Elder San- ford's big tabernacle at Shiloh, (Dur- ham) was taken out Thursday by credi- tors for non payment.—Died, in Top- sham, Mrs. Mary A. Taylor of New York City, aged 70 years. Her death was caused by falling down stairs five days previous.—Rev. E. C. Guild, recently pastor of the Unitarian church in this village died at Boston, Thursday, aged 65 years.—Freeman M. Short of Portland, a member of the junior class of Bowdoin College, committed suicide by cutting his throat Monday. He had been de- pressed in spirits for several days pre- vious. His age was 21 years.—The office of the Swing factory was entered Thurs- day night by burglars and the safe blown open. Six dollars and some notes were taken away.—Nearly our entire French population, 2000 in number, visited the Catholic cemetery, Sunday afternoon and decorated the graves of departed friends. The procession was led by Saint John's brass band.

The first snow storm of the season here, Nov. 11th. There came about six inches and several people have enjoyed a sleigh ride to-day.—Miss Edna Gray of Bridgton died of pneumonia, Nov. 9th. She was about twenty-one years of age. She went to assist a lady in her housework and was very soon taken sick there. They had two of our best doctors but she could not recover. Miss Gray was a smart girl and had al-

THE RESTAURANT AT THE CAPITOL

Is an interesting place. There you may see the best men in the land and there you can get the best food.

You should also be able to get the best tea.

A capital tea is the only kind that is suitable for the Capitol, and a capital tea is Chase & Sanborn's pack- age tea, fit for the most fastidious.

These package teas of Chase & Sanborn's come in pound and half- pound air-tight leaded forms.

By this method the excellent flavor of the teas is not lost by contact with the air.

Another advantage of packing them in this way is that it makes it impossible for their teas to be adulterated.

Among the most popular kinds of their famous package teas are the following:—the Kohinor, an English Breakfast Tea, the Orloff, a Formosa Oolong, and the Orange Pekoe, an India and Ceylon tea.

Any one of these that you buy, that may best suit your taste, will prove itself to be a capital tea.

ONE POUND WILL MAKE OVER 200 CUPS.

CHASE & SANBORN'S TEAS.

ways worked out doing housework since quite young. She leaves a father and mother, two sisters and two brothers.—Dr. J. L. Bennett's oldest daughter has been very sick but is now able to be up.

—Seth G. Knight built a chimney and did some plastering in the old Joseph Bennett house last week, where John A. Smith now lives.—John Flint of Sweden has bought a large horse of Dr. Bennett.

Henry Farrington and wife of Rum- ford Falls visited her sister, Mrs. Ruel Kneeland.—Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Jacobs have a family of six children, one boy and five girls. They are all very indu- strious. Four of the girls graduated from Bridgton high school; three are teaching school now. The eldest, Mildred, is teaching on Bridgton Ridge. Emma is teaching in Sweden. This is her third term there. Bartha is doing table work in Chas. Douglas's restaurant in Boston. Ethel graduated last summer and began her first term of school this fall in Denmark. The youngest is going to school. The boy, or young man rather, is a great worker.—Mrs. Car- roll Hilton is spending a few days in Port- land.—Chas. Jacobs has had the cham- bers in his house plastered; work done by Seth Knight. Mr. Knight is a first- class workman.

The English after suffering a defeat here, are holding their forces waiting additional reinforcements and these to the number of over 12,000 have arrived at Cape Town. Escorted dispatches say that heliograph communication has been established with Ladysmith, but so far no news has been received, the latest date being Nov. 6, which shows that the occupants of Ladysmith had no news of the outside world since Gen. French reached Pietermaritzburg and that they were puzzled at the inactivity of the Boers. Every one was confident and cheerful but all were suffering the incon- venience of the siege. Col. Baden Pow- ell's dashy sorties at Mafeking encour- aged the hope that the British garrisons along the western border are well able to hold out. Cecil Rhodes is employing 8,000 men, white and black, at Kim- berley in road making as a remedy for destitution. According to a dispatch from Deonar the Boers at Kimberley have got the exact range of the mines and are con- stantly throwing shells at the dynamite huts. Several of the latter have been blown up and the damage done to the mines already amounts to several thou- sands of pounds. Among the stories from Brussels is one that Gen. Joubert and Sir George White have been en- davoring to negotiate for the capitulation of Ladysmith but have failed to come to terms.

The correspondent of *The Associated Press* with Gen. Yonge telegraphs from San Jose that Aguinaldo did not escape to the northeast when Tarlac was taken Sunday. He and his army, the corre- spondent adds, are surrounded. His last orders to the Filipino commander at San Jose were to hold San Jose and Carrangian at all costs. The recent en- counter were too one-sided to be called fights. The insurgents are mortally afraid of the Americans, however strong their position. They make but a brief and feeble resistance and run when the terrible American yell reaches their ears, whereupon the Americans pursue them, and slay many. The moral effect of the news that 60,000 troops are on their way there has been unquestionably great. The insurgents are suffering more from disease than the Americans, owing to poor food, lack of medicines and filthy hospitals, with the result that there is great mortality among them. Gen. Law- ton has intercepted a telegram from an insurgent captain to a Filipino general, reading: "How can you blame me for re- treating when only 12 of my company were able to fight?" Later in the day the department received a second dis- patch from Gen. Otis, as follows: "Ma- nila, Nov. 12.—No news received of Law- ton's advance, MacArthur's troops took Bamban and Capas, four miles north of Bamban, both on railroad and Concep- tion to east of railroad yesterday. In- surgents reported 1,500 strong retiring rapidly north, making slight resistance. Our casualties second, Lieut. Davis, 30th Volunteers, killed; three enlisted men reported wounded. Strong reconnais- sance in direction of Tula, to-day. Con- dition of roads and streams render gen- eral advance with wagon transportation impracticable. Enemy appear to be in demoralized condition and show much disorganization as indicated by captured telegraphic dispatches and deserters from their ranks."

PERSONAL.

—The death of Gen. T. W. Hyde of Bath which occurred at Fort Monroe, Tuesday, is a national loss. Identified with the great ship building interests he had established a reputation for Maine ship yards second to none in the country.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver bile, Bil- iousness, Indigestion, Headache, Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.



FARMERS' INSTITUTES FOR SOMERSET AND PISCATAQUIS COUNTIES.

A series of farmers' institutes has been arranged for the above named counties, beginning at Mercer, Friday, Nov. 17. The programs are as follows:

Somerset County.

Golden Cross hall, Mercer, Friday, Nov. 17—10:30 A. M., "Orcharding," by Mr. F. H. Rollins of Cheshireville, member of the Board of Agriculture for Franklin county; 1:30 P. M., "Associated Dairying, its Benefits and its Require- ments," by Prof. G. M. Cowell of Orono; 7:30 P. M., "Soil Improvement and Main- tenance of Fertility," by Chas. W. Bar- ket, Professor of Agriculture at New Hampshire Agricultural College, Dur- ham, N. H., followed by "The Outlook for Maine Farmers," by Sec. B. W. McKee.

Union hall, Bingham, Tuesday, Nov. 31—10:30 A. M., "Some Problems in Stock Husbandry," by Sec. B. W. McKee; 1:30 P. M., "Orcharding," by Mr. F. H. Rollins; 7:30 P. M., "Improved Methods in Agriculture, their Influence upon the Farm, the Home and the State," by Prof. Elijah Cook of Vassalboro, Lec- turer Maine State grange.

Wessersunett hall, Athens, Wednesday, Nov. 22—Same programme as at Bingham.

Union church, Cambridge, Thursday, Nov. 23—10:30 A. M., "Sheep Hus- bandry," by Mr. F. H. Rollins; 1:30 P. M., "Better Culture and Better Care of Fruit Trees," by Prof. Elijah Cook; 7:30 P. M., "Improved Methods in Dairying," by Sec. B. W. McKee.

Grange hall, Palmyra, Friday, Nov. 24—10:30 A. M., "Orcharding," by Mr. F. H. Rollins; 1:30 P. M., "Milk Production," by Sec. B. W. McKee; 7:30 P. M., "Corn, its History, Uses, Varieties, Methods of Cultivation and Comparative Values," by Sec. B. W. McKee. The use of the Babcock milk tester will be illustrated during the forenoon meeting.

Piscataquis County.

Grange hall, Wellington, Wednesday, Nov. 22—10:30 A. M., "The Growing and Handling of Farm Crops," by Mr. F. S. Adams of Bowdoin; 1:30 P. M., "Better Culture and Better Care of Fruit Trees," by Prof. Elijah Cook of Vassalboro; 7:30 P. M., "Farmers' Opportunities," by Sec. B. W. McKee.

Grange hall, East Sangerville, Thurs- day, Nov. 23—10:30 A. M., "Farm Fer- tility," by Sec. B. W. McKee; 1:30 P. M., "The Growing and Handling of Farm Crops," by Mr. F. S. Adams; 7:30 P. M., "Improved Methods in Agriculture, their Influence upon the Farm, the Home and the State," by Prof. Elijah Cook.

G. A. R. hall, Monson, Friday, Nov. 24—10:30 A. M., "The Growing and Handling of Farm Crops," by Mr. F. S. Adams; 1:30 P. M., "Better Culture and Better Care of Fruit Trees," by Prof. Elijah Cook; 7:30 P. M., "Improved Methods of Agriculture, their Influence upon the Farm, the Home and the State," by Prof. Cook.

Grange hall, Milo, Saturday, Nov. 25—10:30 A. M., "The Growing and Handling of Farm Crops," by Mr. F. S. Adams; 1:30 P. M., a short talk on "Food Pro- duction," by Sec. McKee, followed by lecture on "Improved Methods in Agriculture, their Influence upon the Farm, the Home and the State," by Prof. Cook.

MASSACHUSETTS WINTER MEETING.

The agricultural workers of Massachu- setts will meet at Westfield, Dec. 5, 6 and 7, for their annual winter meeting, with the following interesting pro- gramme:

Tuesday, December 5.

10:30 A. M., address of greeting, by Chas. H. Beale, Westfield, Chairman of the Selection; response by E. W. Wood, West Newton, Massachusetts Horticultural Society; address of welcome by Curtis M. Blair, Hallowell, Union Agricultural and Horticultural Society; response by General Francis H. Appleton, member of the Board by ap- pointment of the Governor; address of welcome by J. D. Cadmus, Westfield, President of the Board of Trade; response by Wal- ton Hall, Marshfield, Marshfield Agri- cultural and Horticultural Society; Good will speech of the Grange, by C. M. Gardner, Westfield, lecturer, Westfield Grange; response by F. W. Sargent, Amesbury, Amesbury and Salisbury Agri- cultural and Horticultural Society.

11:30 A. M., report of the Gypsy Moth Committee of the Board.

12 M., essay: "The Gypsy Moth in the Legislature," by Merriock A. Morse, Belchertown, member of the House of 1898.

2 P. M., lecture: "Dairying," by Hon. Wm. R. Sessions, Springfield, late Secre- tary of the Massachusetts Board of Agri- culture.

7:30 P. M., lecture: "Holland and its People," by Prof. William H. Niles, Cam- bridge, Massachusetts Institute of Tech- nology.

Wednesday, December 6.

10:30 A. M., lecture: "Market Gardening," by H. R. Kinney, Worcester.

2 P. M., lecture: "Country Life," by Russell H. Conwell, D. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

Evening, 7:30-9:30, reception to the Board of Agriculture and others attend- ing the meeting, by the citizens of West- field.

Thursday, December 7.

10:30 A. M., lecture: "Composition and Economical Use of Chemical and Farm Manures," by Homer J. Wheeler, Ph. D., Kingston, Chemist Rhode Island Agri- cultural Experiment Station.

1:30 P. M., lecture: "Trusts and their Relation to the Farmers," by Prof. G. S. Walker, Amherst, Professor of Political Economy, Massachusetts Agricultural College.

All lectures will be followed by discus- sions, in which all persons present are invited to engage.

What Alls Many Men.

There is no need to describe the pecu- liar weakness with which so many men are afflicted—you all know what it is—it may have been caused by overwork, indigestion, or inheritance. How to cure it is what interests you. You may have taken many kinds of medicine and found no relief—that proves nothing ex- cept that you have been working on wrong lines. A regular physician who has seen thousands of similar cases cer- tainly understands yours. Such a physi- cian is Dr. Greene, the leading specialist in nervous and chronic diseases, the discoverer of the Nervura Nervina. You can consult Dr. Greene without fee or cost, personally or by letter, at his office, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. If it is not convenient for you to call, write Dr. Greene a letter, you will receive a prompt answer explaining your case. Remem- ber that consultation and advice are free.

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is most desirable for sheds and porches, also for barns, stables, outbuildings, etc., where "no smoking" is desired. This is an extra fine lamp, made in three sizes, has no chimney, and no complication to make trouble of any sort. It has an improved burner and outside wick regulator: gives a very brilliant light, that the strongest wind cannot quench—and, in general, it gives universal satisfaction. If you cannot procure this Lamp of your dealer, we will deliver the medium size, No. 2, freight prepaid, to any point in the United States or Canada upon receipt of its price, viz., \$6.00.

The Catalogue, which we mail free, will give you an idea of the extent of our line of Lamp and Stove centers.

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The Story of an African Farm.

By OLIVE SCHREINER.

The stranger took off his hat, a tall battered chimney pot, and disclosed a bald head, at the back of which was a little fringe of curly white hair, and he bowed to Tant Sannie.

"What does she remark, my friend?" he inquired, turning his crosswise looking eyes on the old German.

The German rubbed his hands and hesitated.

"Ah—well—ah—the Dutch—you know—do not like people who walk in this country—ah!"

"My dear friend," said the stranger, laying his hand on the German's arm, "I should have bought myself another horse, but crossing five days ago, a full river, I lost my purse—a purse with £500 in it. I spent five days on the bank of the river trying to find it—couldn't; paid a Kafir £5 to go in and look for it at the risk of his life—couldn't find it."

The German would have translated this information, but the Boer woman gave no ear.

"No, no! He goes tonight. See how he looks at me, a poor, unprotected female! If he wrongs me, who is to do me right?" cried Tant Sannie.

"I think," said the German in an undertone, "if you did not look at her quite so much it might be advisable. She—ah—she might imagine that you liked her too well—in fact—ah!"

"Certainly, my dear friend, certainly," said the stranger, "I shall not look at her."

Saying this, he turned his nose full upon a small Kafir 2 years of age. That small naked son of Ham became instantly so terrified that he fled to his mother's blanket for protection, howling horribly.

Upon this the newcomer fixed his eyes pensively on the stamp block, folding his hand on the head of his cane. His boots were broken, but he still had the cane of a gentleman.

"You vagabonds see Engelschman!" said Tant Sannie, looking straight at him.

This was a near approach to plain English, but the man contemplated the block abstractedly, wholly unconscious that any antagonism was being displayed toward him.

"You might not be a Scotchman or anything of that kind, might you?" suggested the German. "It is the English that she hates!"

"My dear friend," said the stranger, "I am Irish, every inch of me—father Irish, mother Irish. I've not a drop of English blood in my veins."

"And you might not be married, might you?" persisted the German. "If you had a wife and children, now! Dutch people do not like those who are not married."

"Ah," said the stranger, looking tenderly at the block, "I have a dear wife and three sweet little children, two lovely girls and a noble boy."

This information having been conveyed to the Boer woman, she, after some further conversation, appeared slightly mollified, but remained firm to her conviction that the man's designs were evil.

"For, dear Lord," she cried, "all Englishmen are ugly! But was there ever such a red rag nose thing with broken boots and crooked eyes before? Take him to your room!" she cried to the German. But all she did was to look at her door.

The German having told him how matters were arranged, the stranger made a profound bow to Tant Sannie and followed his host, who led the way to his own little room.

"I thought she would come to her better self soon," the German said joyously. "Tant Sannie is not wholly bad—far from it, far. Then, seeing his companion cast a furtive glance at him, which he mistook for one of surprise, he added quickly: 'Ah, yes, yes, we are all a primitive people here—not very lofty. We deal not in titles. Every one is Tanta and Oom—aunt and uncle. This may be my room.'"

He said, opening the door. "It is rough; the room is rough—not a palace, not quite, but it may be better than the fields, a little better," he said, glancing round at his companion.

"Come in, come in. There is something to eat, a mouthful, not the fare of emperors or kings, but we do not starve, not yet," he said, rubbing his hands together and looking round with a pleased, half nervous smile on his old face.

"My friend, my dear friend," said the stranger, seizing him by the hand, "may the Lord bless you—the God of the fatherless and the stranger. But for you I would this night have slept in the fields, with the dew of heaven upon my head."

Late that evening Lyndall came down to the cabin with the German's rations. Through the tiny square window the light streamed forth, and without knocking she raised the latch and entered. There was a fire burning on the hearth, and it cast its ruddy glow over the little dining room, with its worn carpet and its broken and broken, whitewashed walls, a curious little place, filled with all manner of articles. Next to the fire was a great tool box; beyond that the little bookshelf with its well worn books; beyond that, in the corner, a heap of filled and empty grain bags. From the rafters hung down straps, "reins," old boots, bits of harness and a string of onions. The bed was in another corner, covered by a patchwork quilt of faded red lions and divided from the rest of the room by a blue curtain, now drawn back. On the mantelshelf was an endless assortment of little bags and stones, and on the wall hung a map of South Germany, with a red line drawn through it to show where the German had wandered. "This place was the one home the girls had known for many a year. The house where Tant Sannie lived and ruled was a place to sleep in, to eat in, not to be happy in. It was in this she told them they were grown too old to go there. Every morning and evening found them there. Were there not too many golden memories hanging about the old place for them to leave it?"

Long winter nights, when they had sat round the fire and roasted potatoes and asked riddles and the man had told of the little German village where, 50 years before, a little German boy had played at snowballs and had carried home the knitted stockings of a little girl who afterward became Wal-

do's mother, did they not seem to see the German peasant girls walking about with their wooden shoes and yellow, braided hair and the little child dreading their suppers out of little wooden bowls when the good mothers called them in to have their milk and potatoes?

And were there not yet better times than these—moonlight nights, when they rumped about the door, with the old man, yet more a child than any of them, and laughed till the old roof of the wagon house rang?

Or, best of all, were there not warm, dark, starlight nights, when they sat together on the doorstep, holding each other's hand, singing German hymns, their voices rising clear in the still night air, till the German would draw away his hand suddenly to wipe quickly a tear the children must not see?

Would they not sit looking up at the stars and talking of them—of the dear Southern Cross; red, fiery Mars; Orion, with his belt, and the Seven Mysterious Sisters—and fall to speculating over them? How old are they? Who dwell in them? And the old German would say that perhaps the souls were loved lives in them. There, in that little, twinkling point, was perhaps the little girl whose stockings he had carried home, and the children would look up at it lovingly and call it "Uncle Otto's star." Then they would fall to deeper speculations—of the times and seasons wherein the angels shall be called together as a scroll and the stars shall fall as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, and there shall be time no longer, "when the Son of Man shall come in his glory and all his holy angels with him." In lower and lower tones they would talk till at last they fell into whispers. Then they would wish each other softly and walk home hushed and quiet.

Tonight, when Lyndall looked in, Waldo sat before the fire watching a cat which shimmered there, with his slate and pencil in his hand. His father sat at the table buried in the columns of a three weeks' old newspaper, and the stranger lay stretched on the bed in the corner, fast asleep, his mouth open, his great limbs stretched out loosely, betokening much weariness. The girl put the rations down upon the table, snuffed the candle and stood looking at the figure on the bed.

"Uncle Otto," she said presently, laying her hand down on the newspaper and causing the old German to look up over his glasses, "how long did that man say he had been walking?"

"Since this morning, poor fellow! A gentleman, not accustomed to walking—horse died—poor fellow!" said the German, pushing out his lip and glancing commiseratingly over his spectacles in the direction of the bed where the stranger lay with his fatty double chin and broken boots through which the flesh shone.

"And do you believe him, Uncle Otto?"

"Believe him? Why, of course I do. He himself told me the story three times distinctly."

"If," said the girl slowly, "he had walked for only one day, his boots would not have looked so, and if—"

"If," said the German, starting up in his chair, irritated that any one should doubt such irrefragable evidence. "If, why, he told me himself! Look how he lies there," added the German patting the stranger's head. "We have something for him, though," pointing with his forefinger over his shoulder to the sauceman that stood on the fire. "We are not cooks—not French cooks, not quite—but it's drinkable, drinkable, I think, better than nothing, I think," he added, nodding his head in a jocund manner that evinced his high estimation of the contents of the sauceman and his profound satisfaction therein. "Bish, bish, my chicken!" he said as Lyndall tapped her little foot up and down upon the floor. "Bish, bish, my chicken! You will wake him."

He moved the candle so that his own head might intervene between it and the stranger's face, and, smoothing his newspaper, he adjusted his spectacles to read.

The child's gray black eyes rested on the figure on the bed, then turned to the German, then rested on the figure again.

"I think he is a liar! Good night, Uncle Otto," she said slowly, turning to the door.

Long after she had gone the German folded his paper up methodically and put it in his pocket.

The stranger had not awakened to partake of the soup, and his son had fallen asleep on the ground. Taking the sheepskins from the heap of sacks in the corner, the old man doubled them up and, lifting the boy's head gently from the slate on which it rested, placed the skins beneath it.

"Poor lambie, poor lambie!" he said, tenderly patting the great rough bearlike head. "Tired, is he?"

He threw an overcoat across the bed, and the child, who had been under the fire, there was no place where the old man could comfortably lie down himself, so he resumed his seat. Opening a much worn Bible, he began to read, and as he read, pleasant thoughts and visions thronged on him. It was a stranger, and yet took him in, he was a stranger.

He turned again to the bed where the sleeper lay.

"I was a stranger,"

Very tenderly the old man looked at him. He saw not the bloated body nor the evil face of the man, but as it were, under deep disguise and deeply concealed, the form that long years of dreaming had made very real to him. "Jesus, lover, and it is given to us, weak and sinful, frail and erring, to serve thee, to take thee in!" he said softly as he rose from his seat. Full of joy, he began to pace the little room. Now and again as he walked he sang the lines of a German hymn or muttered broken words of prayer. The little room was full of light. It appeared to the German that Christ was very near him and that at almost any moment the thin mist of earthly darkness that clouded his human eyes might be withdrawn and that made manifest of white the lines of Emmanuel, beholding it, said, "It is the Lord!"

Again and yet again, through the long hours of that night, as the old man walked, he looked up to the roof of his little room, with its blackened rafters, and yet saw them not. His rough bearded face was illuminated with a radiant gladness, and his eyes were not shorter to the dreaming sleepers than to him whose waking dreams brought heaven near.

So quickly the night fled that he looked

ed up with surprise when at 4 o'clock the first gray streaks of summer dawn showed themselves through the little window. Then the old man turned to rub together the few coins that lay under the ash, and his son, turning on the sheepskins, muttered sleepily to know if it were time to rise.

"Lie still, lie still! I would only make a fire," said the old man.

"Have you been up all night?" asked the boy.

"Yes; but it has been short, very short. Sleep again, my chicken. It is yet early."

And he went out to fetch more fuel.

CHAPTER IV.

BLESSED IS HE THAT BELIEVETH. Bonaparte Blinkins sat on the side of the bed. He had wonderfully revived since the day before, held his head high, talked in a full, sonorous voice and ate greedily of all the viands offered him. At his side was a basin of soup, from which he took a deep draft now and again as he watched the fingers of the German, who sat on the mud floor before him mending the bottom of a chair.

Presently he looked out, where, in the afternoon sunshine, a few half grown ostriches might be seen wandering listlessly about, and then he looked in again at the little whitewashed room and at Lyndall, who sat in the doorway looking at a book. Then he raised his chin and tried to adjust an imaginary shirt collar. Finding none, he smoothed the little gray fringe at the back of his head, and he began to feel that he was a student of history. I perceive, my friend, from the study of these volumes that he scattered about this apartment. This fact has been made evident to me."

"Well—a little—perhaps—it may be," said the German meekly.

"Being a student of history, then," said the German, raising himself loftily, "you will doubtless have heard of my great, of my celebrated, kinsman, Napoleon Bonaparte?"

"Yes, yes," said the German, looking up.

"I, sir," said Bonaparte, "was born at this hour on an April afternoon three and fifty years ago. The nurse, sir, was the same that attended when the Duke of Sutherland was born—brought me to my mother. 'There is only one name for this child,' she said, 'he has the nose of his great kinsman,' and so Bonaparte Blinkins became my name—Bonaparte Blinkins, yes, sir," said Bonaparte, "there is a stream on my maternal side that connects me with a stream on his maternal side."

The German made a sound of astonishment.

"The connection," said Bonaparte, "is one which could not be easily comprehended by one unaccustomed to the study of aristocratic pedigrees, but the connection is close."

"It is possible," said the German, pausing in his work with much interest and astonishment. "Napoleon an Irishman?"

"Yes," said Bonaparte, "on the mother's side, and that is how we are related. There wasn't a man to be called him," said Bonaparte, stretching himself, "not a man, except the Duke of Wellington. And it's a strange coincidence, my friend, that I should be named after him, but he was a connection of mine. His nephew, the Duke of Wellington's nephew, married a cousin of mine. She was a woman! See her at one of the court balls—amber satin, daisies in her hair! Worth going a hundred miles to look at her! Often seen here myself, sir."

"The horses dropped down dead as the things in there and thought of the strange vicissitudes of human life which might bring the kinsmen of dukes and emperors to his humble room."

Bonaparte looked lost among old memories.

"Ah, that Duke of Wellington's nephew," he began to say suddenly, "Many's the joke I've had with him. Often came to visit me at Bonaparte Hall. Grand place I had then—park, conservatory, servants. He had only one fault, that Duke of Wellington's nephew," said Bonaparte, observing that the German was deeply interested in every word. "He was a coward, my friend, and I don't think you've never been in Russia, I suppose?" said Bonaparte, fixing his crosswise looking eyes on the German's face.

"No, no," said the old man humbly. "France, England, Germany, a little in this country—it is all I have traveled."

"I, my friend," said Bonaparte, "have been in every country the world and speak every civilized language excepting only Dutch and German. I wrote a book of my travels—noteworthy incidents. Publisher got it—cheated me out of it. Great rascals, those publishers! Upon one occasion the Duke of Wellington's nephew and I were traveling in Russia. All of a sudden one of the horses dropped down dead as the things in there and thought of the strange vicissitudes of human life which might bring the kinsmen of dukes and emperors to his humble room."

"I think," he said after awhile, rousing himself. "I shall now wander in the benign air and taste the gentle cool of the evening. The stiffness however over me yet. Excuse me, my friend. So saying, he adjusted his hat carefully on the bald crown of his head and moved to the door. After he had gone the German sighed again over his work.

"Ah, Lord! So it is! Ah!"

He thought of the ingratitude of the world.

"Uncle Otto," said the child in the doorway, "did you ever hear of ten cars sitting on their tails in a circle?"

"Well, not of ten exactly, but bears do attack travelers every day. It is nothing unheard of," said the German. "A man of such courage too! Terrible experience that!"

"And how do we know that the story is true, Uncle Otto?"

"The German's ire was roused. 'That is what I do hate!' he cried. 'Know that it is true! How do you know that anything is true? Because you are told so. If we begin to question everything—proof, proof—how will we have to believe left? How do you know the angel opened the prison door for Peter except that Peter said so? How do you know that God talked to Moses except that Moses wrote it? That is what I hate!'

The girl knit her brows. Perhaps her thoughts made a longer journey than the German dreamed of, for mark you, the old dream little how their words and lives are texts and studies to the generation that shall succeed them. Not what we are taught, but

OFTEN WHEN BABY DOES ITS FIRST STEP MOTHER IS TOO WEAK TO WALK



DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION MAKES MOTHERS HEALTHY & STRONG

Mary Ann said I thought of her, that I pray for her!

"Goodbye, old fellow!" said he.

"God bless you," said I.

"By this time the bears were sitting in a circle all round the tree. Yes," said Bonaparte, impressively fixing his eyes on the German, "regular, exact circle. The marks of their tails were left in the snow, and I measured it after ward. A drawing master couldn't have done it better. It was that saved me. If they'd rushed on me at once, poor old Bonaparte would never have been here to tell this story. But they came on, sir, systematically, one by one. All the bears shall you tell me, my friend, the first fellow came in and I shot him; the second fellow—I shot him; the third—I shot him. At last the tenth came. He was the biggest of all—the leader, you may say."

"Wall, I said, 'give me your hand. My fingers are stiff with the cold. There is only one bullet left. I shall make use of it. I am eating me up and down and take your gun, and give, dear friend, live to remember the man who gave his life for you! By that time the bear was at me. I felt his paw on my trousers."

"Oh, Bonnie, Bonnie!" said the Duke of Wellington's nephew. But I just took my gun and put the muzzle to the bear's ear. Over he fell—dead!"

Bonaparte Blinkins waited to observe what effect his story had made. Then he took out a dirty white handkerchief and stroked his forehead and more especially his eyes.

"It always affects me to relate that adventure," he remarked, returning the handkerchief to his pocket. "In gratitude—base, vile ingratitude—base ingratitude, my friend, but for me would have perished in the pathless wilds of Russia, that man in the hour of my adversity forsook me!"

The German looked up. "Yes," said Bonaparte, "I had money, I had lands. I said to my wife: 'There is Africa, a struggling country. They want capital; they want men of talent; they want men of ability to open up that land. Let us go.'"

"I bought £8,000 worth of machinery—winnowing, plowing, reaping machines. I loaded a ship with them. Next steamer I came out, wife, children, all. Got to the Cape. Where is the ship with the things? Lost—gone to the bottom! And the box with the money? Lost—nothing saved!"

"My wife wrote to the Duke of Wellington's nephew. I didn't wish her to see him without my knowledge."

"What did the man whose life I saved do? Did he send me £20,000, say?"

"Bonaparte, my brother, here is a crumb!" No; he sent me nothing.

"My wife said, 'Write.' I said: 'Mary Ann, now while these hands have power to work, now while this frame has power to endure, now. Never shall I be said that Bonaparte Blinkins asked of any man.'"

The man's noble independence touched the German.

"Your case is hard; yes, that is hard," said the German, shaking his head.

Bonaparte took another draft of the soup, leaned back against the pillows and sighed deeply.

"I think," he said after awhile, rousing himself. "I shall now wander in the benign air and taste the gentle cool of the evening. The stiffness however over me yet. Excuse me, my friend. So saying, he adjusted his hat carefully on the bald crown of his head and moved to the door. After he had gone the German sighed again over his work."

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what we see, makes us, and the child gathers the food on which the adult feeds to the end.

When the German looked up next, there was a look of supreme satisfaction in the little mouth and the beautiful eyes.

"What dost see, chicken?" he asked.

The child said nothing, and an agonizing shriek was borne on the after-noon breeze.

"O God, my God, I am killed!" cried the voice of Bonaparte as he, with wide open mouth and shaking flesh, fell into the room, followed by a half grown ostrich, which put its head in at the door, opened its beak at him and went away.

"Shut the door! Shut the door! As you value my life, shut the door!" cried Bonaparte, sinking into a chair, his face blue and white, with a greenish tinge about the mouth. "Ah, my friend," he said, tremulously, "eternity has looked me in the face! My life's thread hung upon a cord! The valley of the shadow of death!" said Bonaparte, seizing the German's arm.

"Dear, dear, dear!" said the German, who had closed the lower half of the door and sat on the floor, looking at the stranger. "You have had a fright, I never knew so young a bird to cease before, but they will take dislikes to certain people. I sent a boy away once because a bird would chase him. Ah, dear, dear!"

"When I looked round," said Bonaparte, "the red and yawning cavity was above me and the reprehensible past seemed to strike me. My nerves," said Bonaparte, suddenly growing faint, "always delicate, highly strung, are broken, broken! You could not give a little wine, a little brandy, my friend?"

The old German hurried away to the bookshelf and took from behind the books a small bottle, half of whose contents he poured into a cup. Bonaparte drank it eagerly.

"How do you feel now?" asked the German, looking at him with much sympathy.

"A little, slightly, better."

The German went out to pick up the battered chimney pot which had fallen before the door.

"I am sorry you got the fright. The birds are bad things! I'll tell you know them, but I sympathize with you. I put the hat down."

"My friend," said Bonaparte, holding out his hand. "I forgive you. Do not be disturbed. Whatever the consequences, I forgive you. I know, I believe, it was with no ill intent that you allowed me to go out. Give me your hand, have no more of this. You are very kind," said the German, taking the extended hand and feeling suddenly convinced that he was receiving magnanimous forgiveness for some great injury; "you are very kind."

"Don't mention it," said Bonaparte. He knocked out the crown of his cane in old hat, placed it on the table before him, leaned his elbows on the table and his face in his hands and contemplated it.

"Ah, my old friend!"—he thus apostrophized the hat—"you have served me long, you have served me faithfully, but last day has come! Never more shall you be with me upon the head of my master; never more shall you protect his brow from the burning rays of summer or the cutting winds of winter. Henceforth bareheaded must your master go. Goodbye, goodbye, old hat!"

At the end of this affecting appeal the German rose. He went to the box of his hat, took out of it a black hat which had evidently been seldom worn and carefully preserved.

"It's not exactly what you may have been accustomed to," he said nervously, putting it down beside the battered chimney pot, "but it might be of some use, a protection to the head, you know."

"My friend," said Bonaparte, "you are not following my advice. You are allowing yourself to be reproached on my account. Do not make yourself unhappy. No; I shall go bareheaded."

"No, no, no!" cried the German energetically. "I have no use for the hat, none at all. It is shut up in the box."

"So saying, he went to the box and took a black hat which had evidently been seldom worn and carefully preserved."

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"My friend," said Bonaparte, "you are not following my advice. You are allowing yourself to be reproached on my account. Do not make yourself unhappy. No; I shall go bareheaded."

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Home Department.

EVERY MOTHER

Will be interested in the announcement made upon the fourth page regarding the Maine Farmer.

OUR DEAD.

Dear dead! they have become like guardian angels to us. And distant heaven like home. Through them begins to woe us. Love that was earthly wings. Its light to holier places. The dead are sacred things. That multiply our graces.

They whom we loved on earth. Attract us now to heaven. Who shared our grief and mirth. Back to us now are given. They move with noiseless foot. Gravely and sweetly round us. And their soft touch hath cut. Full many a chain that bound us.

NATURE STUDIES IN THE HOME.

(Essay written by Mrs. V. P. DeCoster, for Turner Grange.)

The love of Nature is not wholly a natural one, but is largely educational.

When walking along a public street, you may meet many strangers who have no particular interest for you; but let a mutual friend introduce you to one of them, and then tell you about their home, work, habits, characteristics and family, the next time you meet that person, you will feel an immediate attraction. You will stop with a smile and a greeting and experience a feeling of pleasure. As your acquaintance progresses, you will seek their home, study their relatives, and, if they are worthy, learn to love them.

Just the same with birds, plants and minerals. One may live among them all their life, but if they never study them or have even a first introduction, they will never love them. The commonest flower by the roadside is of interest when you know its name, family and habits.

How shall the little child be taught to study these things, if it is not taught in our country schools, and when the busy parents have never had any particular teaching in that line themselves?

Competition is so close along all lines of business that it now affects the farmer more than ever before. He must study every branch of his work. The great increase in insect pests must be studied in order to subdue them. Blight, mildew and rot must be better understood; the composition of the soils of our farms, their needs, the best way to handle them and what crops thrive best upon them must be studied. You men who have never had your attention called to these things until you were man-grown, find it hard to compete successfully with a man who has made a study of them from childhood.

So let us begin with our little ones, girls as well as boys, and teach them to study every growing thing on the farm. We were not too old to begin to study with them, and a child takes far more interest in anything in which his parent will join, either in work or play.

We can learn much from the agricultural books containing the knowledge gained at our experiment stations.

Let me call your attention to a few common insects and show how they may be introduced to the children. Every child who has waded, fished and played in our country brooks has noticed little worms inside of a casing of bits of bark, twigs and sand, seemingly cemented together and lined with silk. Out of one end of this the worm extends her head and feet and seems to laboriously drag her cumbersome dwelling home along the bed of the brook. Nearly any boy knows that they will answer for fish bait, if they cannot get anything better, but how many know anything more about them? But let mother or father tell them that the worm is the larva of an insect called the caddis fly, and read to them this little selection from Kingsley's "Water-babies," then they feel that they have an introduction to Miss Caddis, and in the future all the caddises will be personal friends, and perhaps by close watching they may see the transformation when the pretty insect comes forth.

"At last, one day, he found a caddis, and wanted it to peep out of its house; but its house door was shut. He had never seen a caddis with a house door before; so what must he do, the meddling little fellow, but pull it open, to see what the poor lady was doing inside. What a shame! How should you like to have any one breaking your bed-room door in, to see how you looked when you were in bed? So Tom broke to pieces the door, which was the prettiest little grating of silk, stuck all over with shining bits of otok, and when he looked in, the caddis poked out her head, and it had turned into just the shape of a bird's. But when Tom spoke to her she could not answer; for her mouth and face were tight tied up in a new nightcap of neat pink skin. However, if she didn't answer, all the other caddises did; for they held up their hands and shrieked (like the cats in Struwwelpeter): 'Oh, you nasty, horrid boy; there you are at it again! And she had just laid herself up for a fortnight's sleep, and she would have come out with such beautiful wings, and flown about, and laid such lots of eggs; and now you have broken her door, and she can't mend it because her mouth is tied up for a fortnight, and she will die. Who sent you here to worry us out of our lives?'

Another interesting example is the common dragon fly, or, as I used to hear it called, a devil's darning needle. I remember, as a child, I was filled with a perfect horror of them, as some other child told me they would sew up my mouth and eyes. How much I might

have been saved from suffering if I had only been taught their true history, and that they are perfectly harmless to man. In the 'Stories Mother Nature told her Children,' by Jane Andrews, she tells in a most beautiful way how the mother dragon fly drops her eggs into the water. These hatch into tadpoles, crawling bugs, with odd shaped bodies and six legs. These can be seen in May, crawling about among the water plants. About the first of June they crawl up a rush or leaf stalk to the surface of the water where they enter their new life. I will give you her own words concerning it:

"See how uneasy he grows, feeling about in doubt and dismay, for a darkness is coming over his eyes. It is the black helmet, a part of his coat of mail; it has broken off at the top, and is falling down over his face. A minute more, and it drops below his chin; and what is his astonishment to find, that, as his old face breaks away, a new one comes in its place, larger, much more beautiful and having two of the most admirable eyes! Two, I say, because they look like two, but each of them is made up of hundreds of little eyes. They stand out globe-like on each side of his head, and look about over a world unknown and wonderful to the dull, black bug who lived in the mud."

The sky seems bluer, the sunshine brighter, and the nodding grass and flowers more gay and graceful. Now he lifts this new head to see more of the great world; and behold! as he moves, he is drawing himself out of the old suit of armor, and from two neat little cases at its sides come two pair of wings, folded up like fans, and put away here to be ready for use when the right time should come; still half folded they are, and must be carefully spread open and smoothed for use. And while he trembles with surprise, see how, with every movement, he is escaping from the old armor, and drawing from their sheaths fine legs, longer and far more beautifully made and colored than the old; and a slender body that was packed away like a spy-glass and is now drawn slowly out, one part after another, until at last the dark coat of mail dangles empty from the rashes, and above it sits a dragon fly with great wondering eyes, long, slender body, and two pair of delicate, gauzy wings—fine and firm as the very ones he had been watching an hour ago! What child would ever dislike a dragon fly after reading that?

It is equally interesting to watch the development of different caterpillars from the larva to the pupa, or chrysalis, and finally the fully developed moth or butterfly. These are more easily studied at home than the water insects. By means of one of these I was enabled to teach a lesson in a more satisfactory way than in any other I could think of. The same lesson is taught also by the transformation of the dragon fly and other insects. In short, to let Nature all the time teaching us, if we will only stop to look and listen. As we see the growing things all about us, we can feel the pulsations of universal life, as we think that even now the trees and shrubs are not only perfecting this year's blossom and fruit, but have also formed buds for next year's growth. There is a cold winter coming, and each bud must be clothed in a strong coat of mail to shield it from ice and cold.

When we see how the plants are divided and sub-divided in families, and the wonderful provision for all their wants; when we watch the birds fly South in autumn, and see them return to the same haunts in spring, how can we doubt or forget the infinite wisdom, infinite power, infinite love, behind it all.

A little toddling child will pick violets and buttercups by the roadside, pleased with their color and beauty, but as it grows older this is not enough to hold its interest. They soon become study deeper. As I said before, introduce them, tell them their name and family and peculiarities.

Teach children to use their eyes and brains and seek for little oddities. Unless a child can see and think for himself, he will never remember much that is told him, but if the parent will tell him enough to create an interest, then he will watch and study alone.

But many parents may say: 'How can I teach what I have never been taught or taken an interest in myself?' Begin as a child with them!

We parents are too old! We must re-new our youth. We are too busy! We must take time to play. We stay indoors too much! Let us go down to the brook. Life is short! Let us get the best good out of it. 'Except ye become as a little child ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven.' Many ministers have given us many explanations to that. I have found it to be a most delightful heaven to get to the brooks and woods with the children and be a child with them, close to Nature's heart, for Nature's heart is God's heart.

Children love God's heart. Why not have them often in our lovely summer? We all have one or more trees near the house. Let us eat our dinner or tea out of doors often. It may make a few more steps, but it pays.

Last summer, I believe I said something like this to one of my neighbors, who had a beautiful maple grove close to the house. A few days later she said:

"I have already taken so much time that I will not begin upon minerals and birds, which are equally, if not more interesting. If you once begin the study of any of these branches, you will be surprised to see how interested you will soon become and how the knowledge seems to be lying all about you, only waiting to be appropriated."

If you begin with minerals, your friends will learn of it and give you specimens. Neighbors will tell you of something interesting upon their farm. You cannot take a walk or go near a ledge or stone wall, without seeing something interesting.

If you begin the study of birds, there will be the same attraction. You will

There are women everywhere who suffer almost constantly because they cannot bring themselves to tell all about their ills to a physician.

Such women can surely explain their symptoms and their suffering by letter to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for the confidence reposed in her has never been violated. Over a million women have been helped by her advice and medicine.

Mrs. Pinkham in attending to her vast correspondence is assisted by women only. If you are ill, don't delay. Her reply will cost you nothing and it will be a practical help as it was to Miss Ella E. Brenner, East Rochester, Ohio, who says: "I shrunk from the ordeal of examination by our physician, yet I knew I must have treatment. My troubles were backache, nervous tired feeling, painful menstruation and leucorrhoea. I am so grateful to you now that I am willing to have my name published to help other girls to take their troubles to you. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound used as you wrote me has made me entirely well and very happy. I shall bless you as long as I live."

Mrs. Pinkham receives thousands of such letters from grateful women.

Miss Nellie Russell, of 138 Grace St., Pittsburg, Pa., in a letter to Mrs. Pinkham says: "From childhood I suffered from kidney trouble and as I grew older my troubles increased having intense pain running from my waist to my womb and the menses were very painful. One day, seeing your advertisement in one of our papers, I wrote to you. 'When your reply came I began taking your Compound and followed your advice and am now in perfect health, and would advise any lady rich or poor to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I can praise above all other remedies. It is a wonderful help to women.'"

I tried your plan of eating out of doors. My husband, I guess, rather thought it was nonsense, for he said during the meal: 'I suppose we are having a lovely time! But there was no "suppose" about it with the children. They knew they were having a lovely time.'

Now for a few practical suggestions for mothers in teaching these Nature Studies at home. For germination, the best object lesson is to lay a layer of cotton batting upon a tumbler of water, place two or three beans upon the cotton and lay a little more cotton over it. The beans will soon swell and the process of germination can be plainly watched. By changing the water occasionally the vines will often grow two feet and blossom.

In February and March, gather alder, maple, cherry, apple and willow buds and have the children watch them open. Don't mind if the sticks do look rather homely and clutter the house. Plan to have apple blossoms for Easter. Bear in mind, when forcing fruit buds, to procure branches at least ten inches long, and break off the leaf buds and the smaller blossom buds, only leaving a few of the strongest buds on the terminal end. Then the whole branch will concentrate its strength upon those few buds. Pears, cherry and crab apple can be forced in from two to three weeks.

Another good plan is to transplant in the fall several plants of the early spring flowers into a box and keep it in some cold place till the latter part of winter, and then bring them into the house for forcing.

In studying flowers, besides botany, a very valuable book is Mrs. Wm. Starr Dana's 'How to Know the Wild Flowers.' This is full of good illustrations of many of our wild flowers, so arranged that any child who can read can easily find the picture and description.

In studying seed formation and plant germination, a mother has the most beautiful object lessons by which she can teach children sex and reproduction in both the plant and animal kingdom, in such a way that they will see God's laws working the same through all nature, and the things which seem a vulgar mystery to the ignorant child, will be to them a simple, pure and natural law.

Four or five years ago when I began the study of Entomology with my children, I did not know the name of a single caterpillar or butterfly, but the last two years have been exceptionally good ones for studying a few kinds of caterpillars, apple tree, for instance.

Nearly every one has such a dislike to caterpillars that this would not, at first, seem a very interesting study, but we have found it extremely so. It is surprising how many varieties there are as soon as one begins to watch them. Not only my children, but the men of the family and even the neighbors, bring it to me. These can be easily watched in the house by placing under a screen or glass, or in a glass jar. We often have several varieties under wire fly screens. Each caterpillar has its own particular variety of food on which it feeds, so it is necessary to notice upon what plant it is feeding, and keep it supplied with fresh leaves of its kind until it enters the pupa state. When they are ready for this change they stop eating and are anxiously crawling about their cage as if searching for something. For these varieties which enter the ground, for their transformation, a box of earth should be provided. Other varieties roll themselves inside of leaves, or spin a cocoon in some corner. Still others, like the Astersia, Antipia, Atlanta and Archipus suspend themselves from some object.

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wake's edge, thence into the fairland which men like C. A. Stephens and Mr. Murray have created for him. A vigorous farmer boy finds great joy in such a fair woodland, and, if the season be late autumn or early winter, the joy is greater. Students, men of affairs, ladies, even poets, do not like November; yet that month reveals strange beauty to a sturdy country lad. Among those leafless trees his imagination places lynxes, panthers, caribou, moose; and he is strangely thrilled, till hard experience shows him nothing savorier than hare, and cold reason tells him how dull and civilized our New Hampshire hills have become.

The attractiveness of our old pond is in its very wildness and freedom from artificial beauty. When one thinks he is confined to the house by a rainy day, instead of yawning and looking out of windows in the spirit of discontent, let him take rod and line and seek the pond. Once on its shores he will not mind being wet; the spirit of the storm will seize him, and he will cast aside all fear. The woods look dim through the mist, clouds obscure the hills. The dripping bushes, the slippery rocks, even the ugly piles of driftwood and old stumps, appeal to the fisherman's savage instincts, and he devotes himself to his sport with an eagerness born of Nature. There, in the heart of that mysterious preserve and destroyer, he will forget his confused desires and habits, and live.

The old pond does not aid the imagination alone. It is constantly yielding up small bits of wealth, aiding practical men and women in their affairs and witnessing the sports of boys who aim at what is too near to be in Fairyland. Besides being a reservoir for manufacturers, it serves as a highway, in summer for berry-pickers, for lumbermen in winter. It yields fish, from flatfishes for the trout fish for "city boarders." Shooters pursue partridges and hares around it, and merry-makers row among its stumps and send songs over its waters. It has saved lives, if the wild animal which threatened two fishermen and sent them pulling vigorously for the inhabited shore was after human life that night.

In winter, the scene at the pond changes fully as often as in summer. Sometimes the surface of the little lake is so smooth and hard that human beings glide over it like skis, but with merry shouts that betray their mortality. Sometimes the pond is given over to Boreas, who piles the snow upon it and hides it from us. Sometimes the surface of the pond is a continuation of the surrounding snowdrift, and the hillside country streams of jolly coasters into that central basin. In late spring, there is a fearful crunching and grinding there, and there are phenomena which the natives hardly notice, but which would interest an Agassiz or a Tyndall. After the long, rich June days, rehearsals are given at the shores by an orchestra of amphibious 'celloists, and those privileged people who have orchestra chairs may hear a chorus of hexapod sopranos.

Our old pond has a history, but one, for the most part, shrouded in mystery. Doubtless, Algonquian braves have fished there, and I presume that the old fisherman after whose family the pond is sometimes called, has fished in the same coves and rowed in the very tracks once of his ancestors. Since the white man settled near it, the pond has been a source of rich experience for the boys trained in its district. W. P. ELKINS.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

Uncle George had threatened to shoot the cat and James was crying. "Mamma," he sobbed, "if he does—shoot my cat—I'll set a bear trap for his gun."

That children sometimes get queer ideas as to the meaning of words, is illustrated by the following:

A little boy was sitting upon the floor building a block house. When it was finished he looked up and said: "This is my hospital, and this," pointing to the entrance, "is where the horses go in."

Dear Young Folks: I will try and write once more to the old Maine Farmer. A part of my vacation was spent at my grandmother's. One day after I went up to grandmother's, my Uncle Carl, a friend, and myself went blueberrying down on the "Horseback," which is about four miles from grandmother's, and had a very nice time. One day grandmother wanted me to go up to the store for her, then I went to my Aunt Mary's, stayed to tea, and then went home. I went to the North Washington fair which was at Princeton, and had a lovely time. Then I came home, my mother, father, brother and I went over to the Houlton road raspberrying, and got about twenty-four quarts. Thus ended my vacation.

South Princeton. MAUD BILLINGS.

Dear Boys and Girls: Do any of you keep hens? I have eight Barred Plymouth Rock pullets. One began to lay the first of September and laid 15 eggs; another, the 23d, and laid six. In October they laid 10 eggs. They have laid 17 eggs this month. Don't you think they are doing very well? My pet cat that I wrote about last time ran off, and I miss him very much, but I have another now, but he is a kitten. He is black and white and his name is Fritz.

Good-bye, will write again. 3-12 21 45 12. 19 14 15-23. 16-15-28 14-1-12.

Minutes are like gold dust, which is never so fine that it loses any of its value.—P. S. MOZOM.

\$100 Reward. \$100. The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that the Maine Farmer has been the cause of a cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. 75c.

Hall's family pills are the best.

From Madison to McKinley

In 1810, when Madison occupied the President's chair, JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT was originated by Dr. A. Johnson. For nearly a century it has remained a household remedy of the first rank. The grandfathers of many who now use JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT were brought through whooping cough, croup and all the accidents of childhood in safety by this remedy. Many a time a bottle of JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT in the cupboard of some remote farm house, has saved a child from sudden and acute disease developed in the night. Many are now living in old age who owe their lives to this remedy. You can safely put your trust in a remedy that has stood the test of nearly a century and gained such a high reputation as has JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT.

A majority of the ailments of humanity begin, or are accompanied, with inflammation, and it is by controlling and removing this condition that JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT cures so widely different diseases, such as colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, bronchitis, in gripe, lameness, colic, cramps, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, bites, bruises, burns, stings, chafing and pain and inflammation in any part of the body. Sold in two size bottles, 25c. and 50c., the larger size being the more economical. It holds three times as much.

J. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

Write for a free copy of "Treatment for Diseases and Cures of the Sick Room."

SEND US ONE DOLLAR

Get this ad. and send us one dollar, and we will send you this NEW PATENT PARLOR ORGAN, by mail, by express, or by freight, at your option. You can examine it at your nearest freight depot, and see for yourself exactly how it represents the greatest value you ever saw. And for further details, send us one dollar, and we will send you the full particulars. The PARLOR ORGAN is one of the most beautiful and useful instruments ever invented. It is made of solid mahogany, and is of the very latest style. The PARLOR ORGAN is 4 feet high, 4 feet long, and 2 feet wide. It contains 100 notes, 11 stops, as follows: Flageolet, Flageolet, Flageolet, Flageolet, Flageolet, Flageolet, Flageolet, Flageolet, Flageolet, Flageolet. The PARLOR ORGAN is one of the most beautiful and useful instruments ever invented. It is made of solid mahogany, and is of the very latest style. The PARLOR ORGAN is 4 feet high, 4 feet long, and 2 feet wide. 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